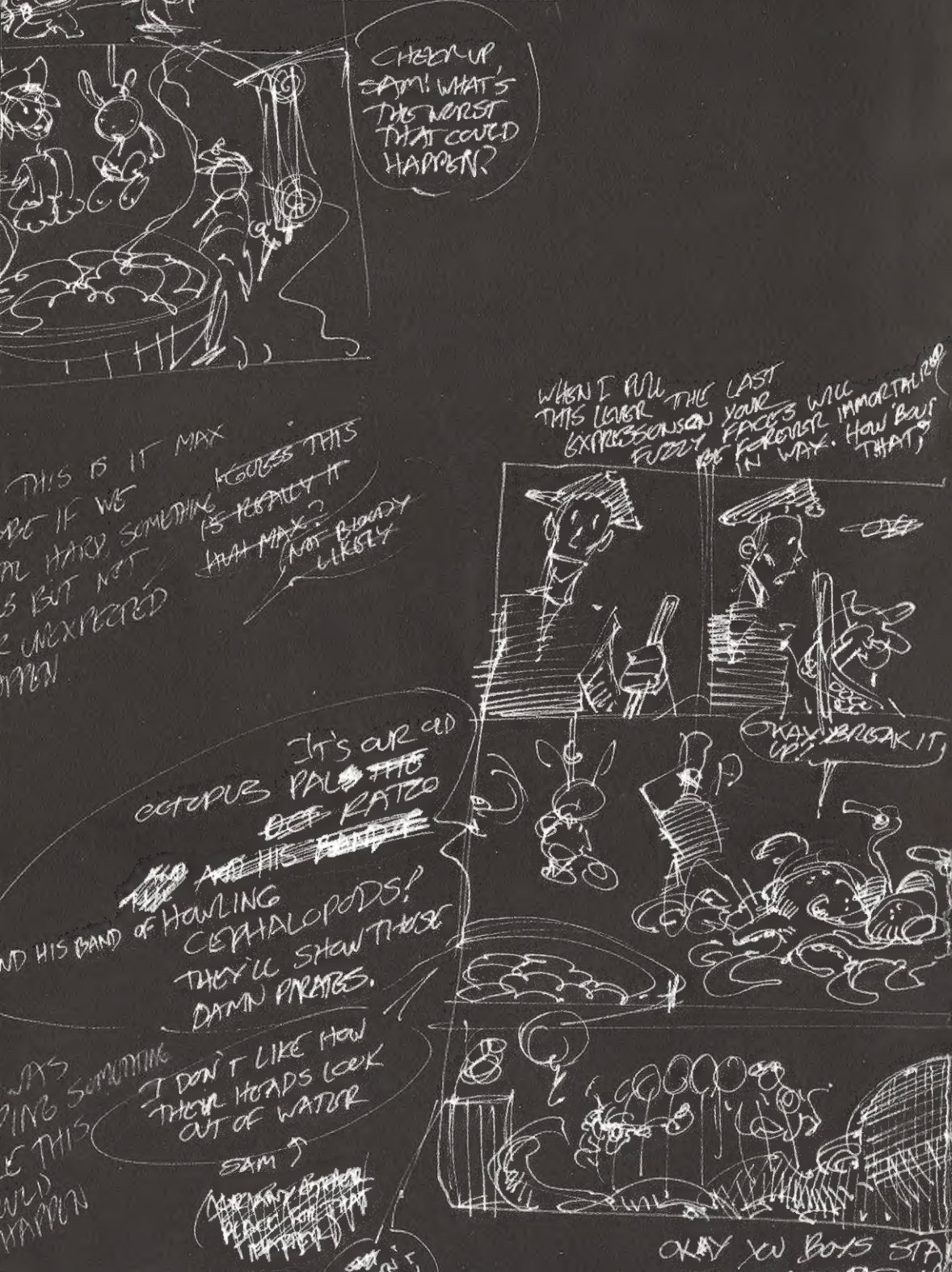
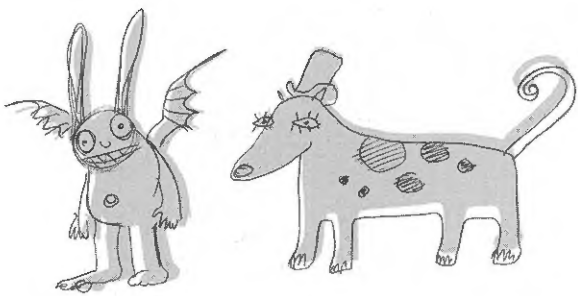
THE EFFIGY MOUND

A SAM & MAX SKETCHBOOK

BY STEVE PURCELL


CHEER UP, SAM! WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?
THIS IS IT MAX
BE IF WE
AL HARD, SOMETHING
S BUT NOT
E UNEXPECTED
PPEN
HOUGH THIS IS REALLY IT
HAH MAX?
NOT BLOODY LIKELY
WHEN I PULL THIS LEVER THE LAST EXPRESSIONS ON YOUR FUZZY FACES WILL BE FOREVER IMMORTALISED IN WAX. HOW 'BOUT THAT?
OKAY, BREAK IT UP!
IT'S OUR OLD OCTOPUS PAL ~~THE~~ ~~OCT~~ RATZO ~~AND HIS PARROT~~
ND HIS BAND OF HOWLING CEPHALOPODS! THEY'LL SHOW THOSE DAMN PIRATES.
I DON'T LIKE HOW THEIR HEADS LOOK OUT OF WATER
SAM?
~~SOMEWHERE ELSE~~ PLACES FOR THAT HAPPEN
OKAY YOU BOYS STA



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To play the Sam & Max Game visit:
www.telltalegames.com

Printed in the U.S.A.

THE EFFIGY MOUND

A SAM & MAX SKETCHBOOK

BY STEVE PURCELL

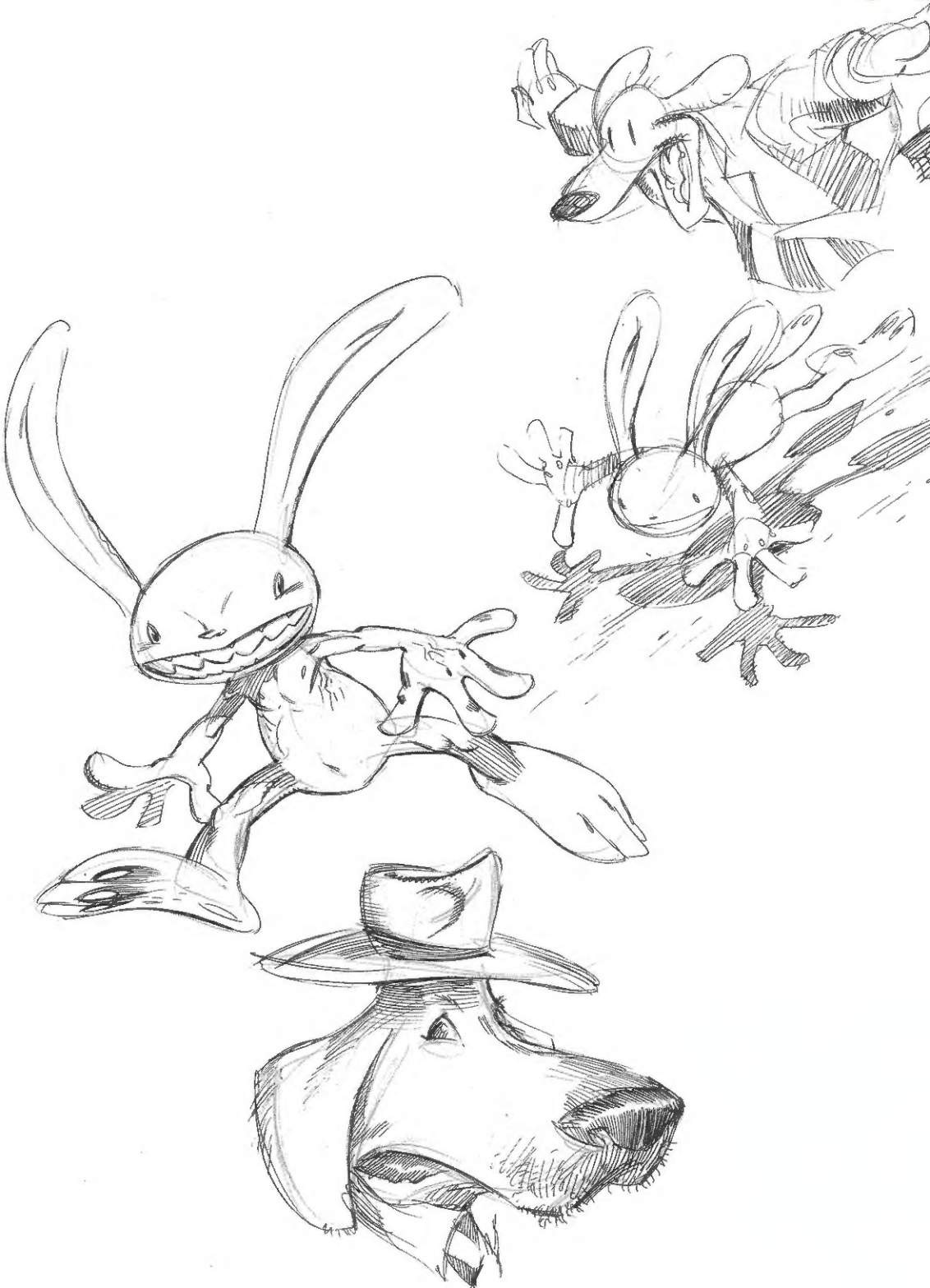
WHAT IS THIS CRAP?
SAM & MAX

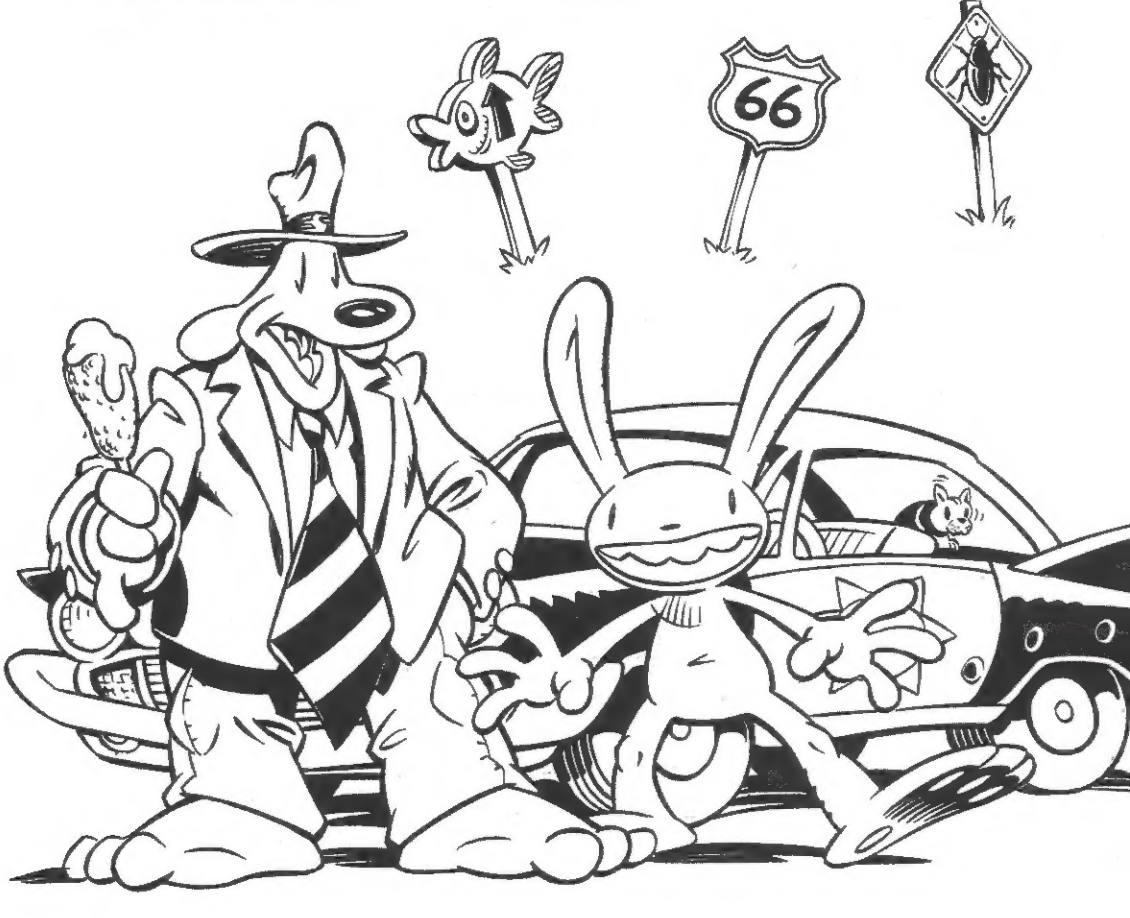
TWENTY YEARS AGO

Sam & Max first appeared in a full-length comic book. Here are some of the images that have followed, lovingly compiled and dedicated to those who appreciate cryptic content, randomly presented in a wildly fishtailing chronology.

Please enjoy!

Steve Purcell
Summer 2007

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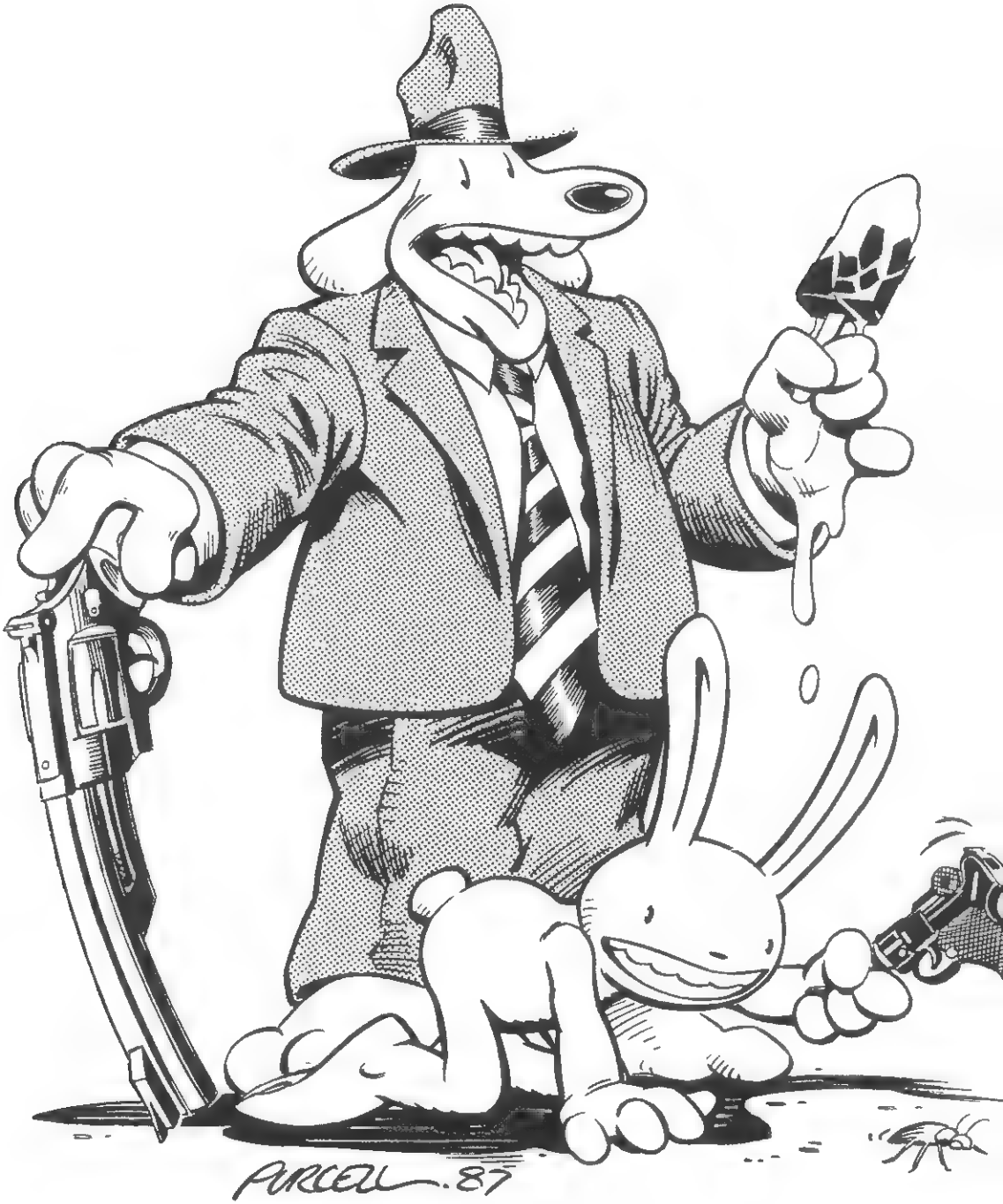
PROTECTED
BY
BOOGA!
BOOGA!
SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE
© PURCELL


PURCELL-87

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

CUT OUT THIS PICTURE OF US, PASTE IT ON CARDBOARD AND STAND IT UP IN YOUR HOME TO BRING RICHES AND LUCK
AND IT WON'T WRECK THE FRONT OF THE BOOK, HONEST!

TIJ
91

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

SAM&MAX SALUTE
THE CONQUEST of SPACE

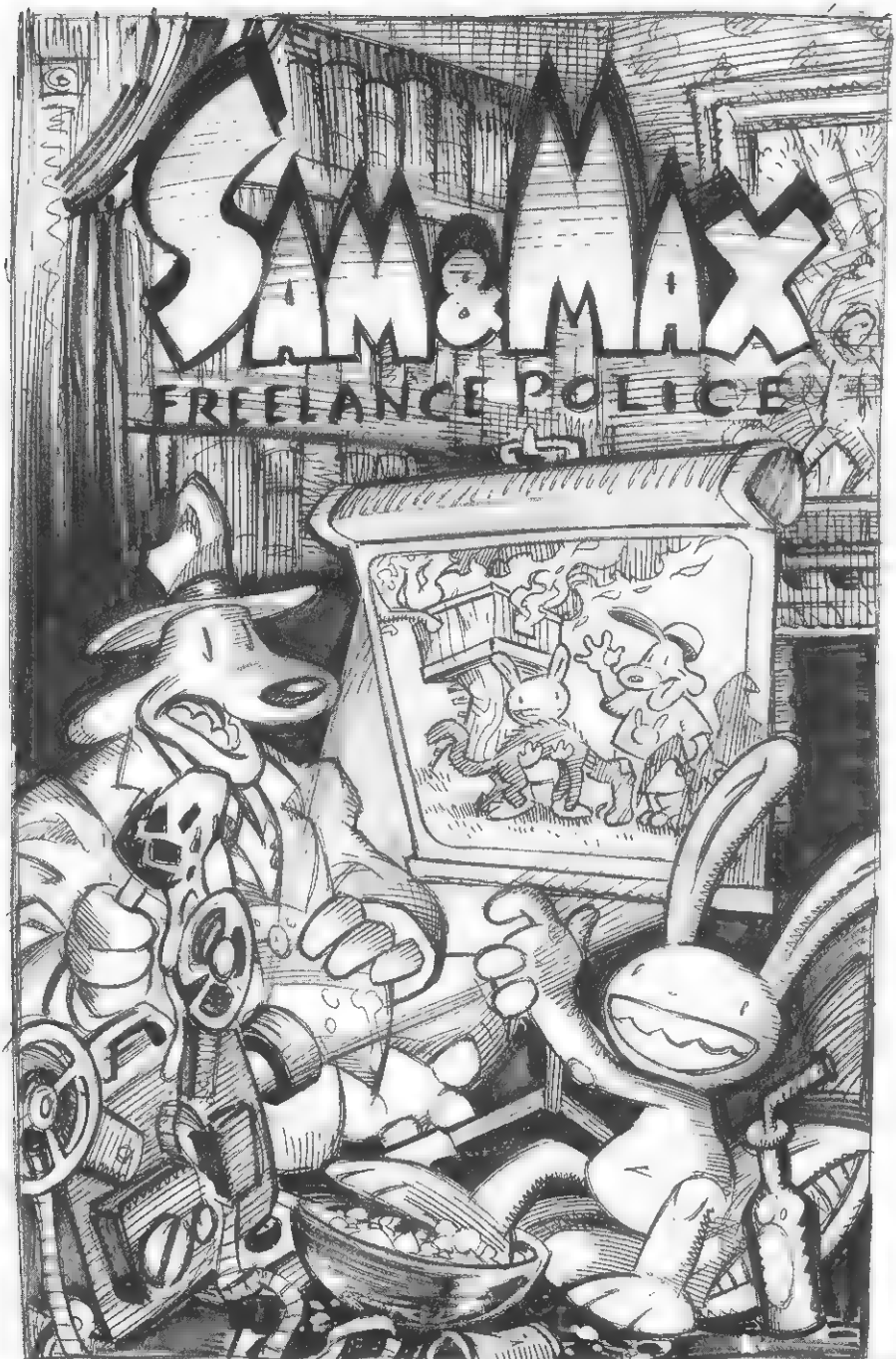
SAM & MAX
BEACH PATROL

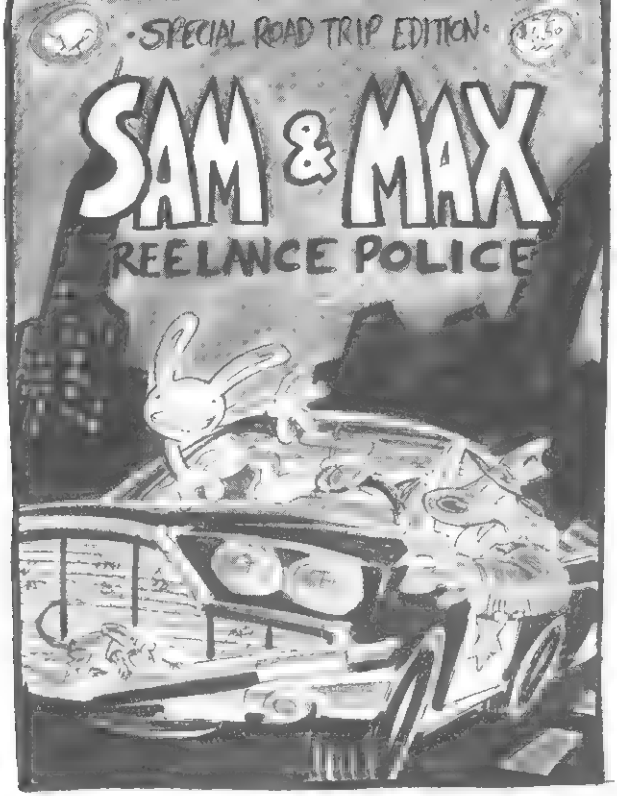
SAM&MAX
HIGHER EDUCATION SERIES
JUSTICE
PRE-LAW

SAM&MAX
HIGHER EDUCATION SERIES
BUSINESS

SAM&MAX
HIGHER EDUCATION SERIES
LP's
BUSINESS

SAM&MAX
HIGHER EDUCATION SERIES
ENGINEERING


SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

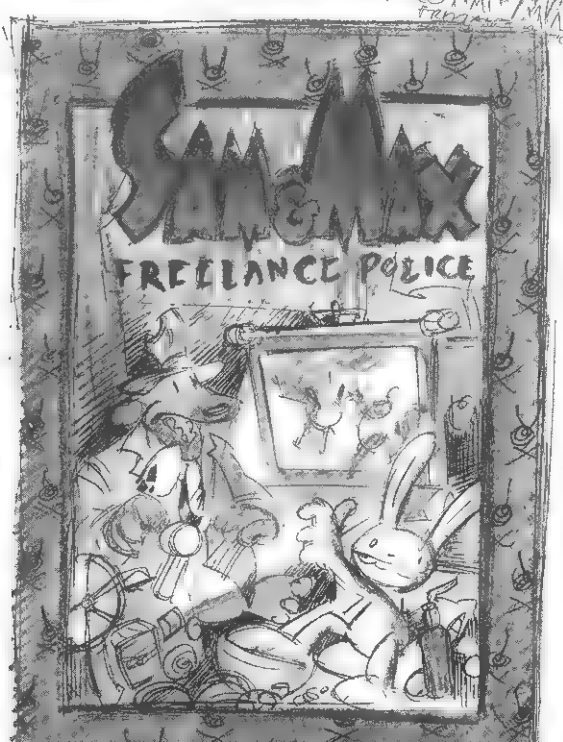


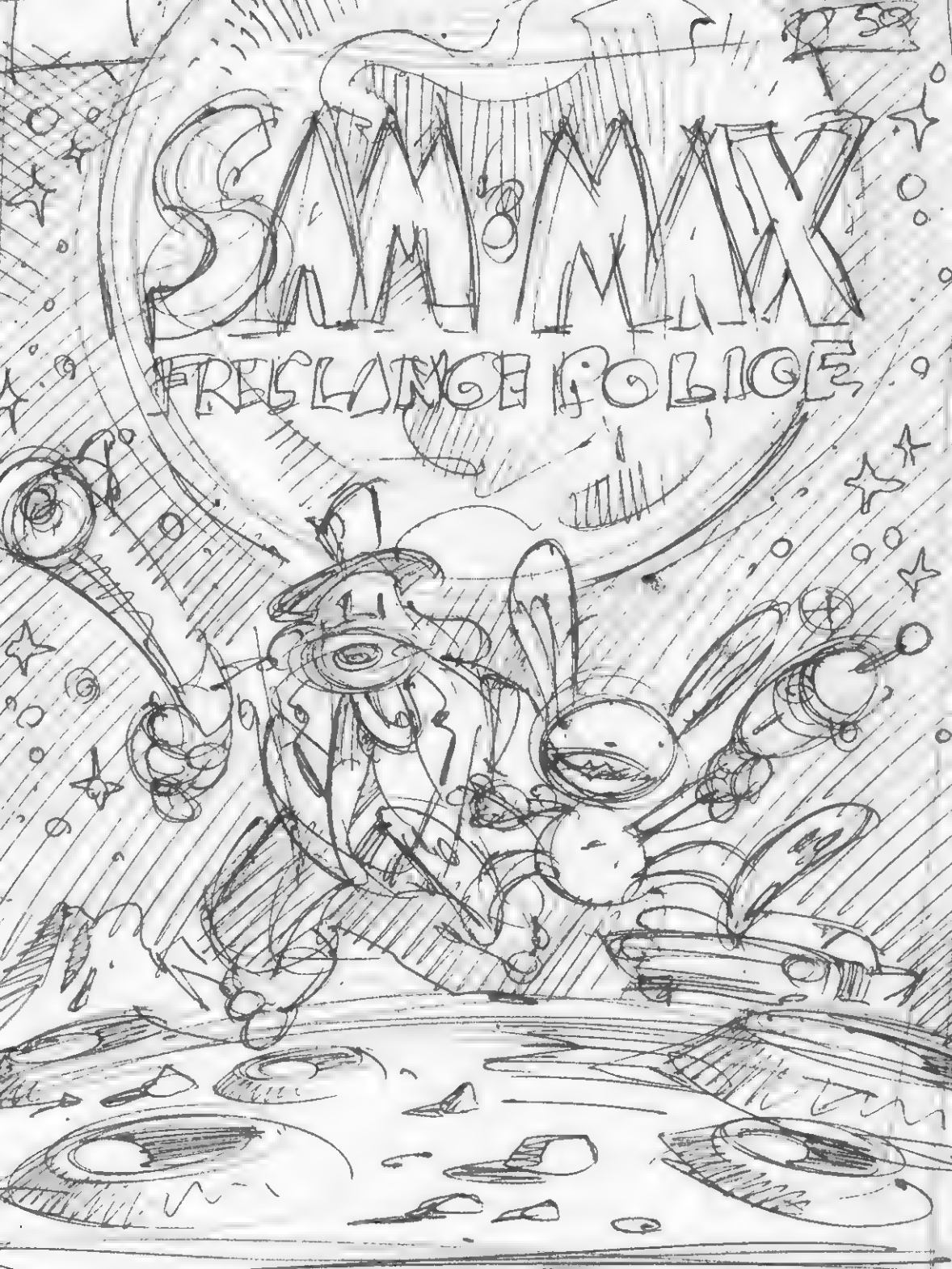
OUR WORLD HELD HOSTAGE BY AN INVADING SPACE ARMADA FROM NEBULON?! WHAT IS EARTH'S FATE?!!
I DON'T KNOW - NOTHING LIKE THAT HAPPENS IN OUR BOOK
SAM & MAX

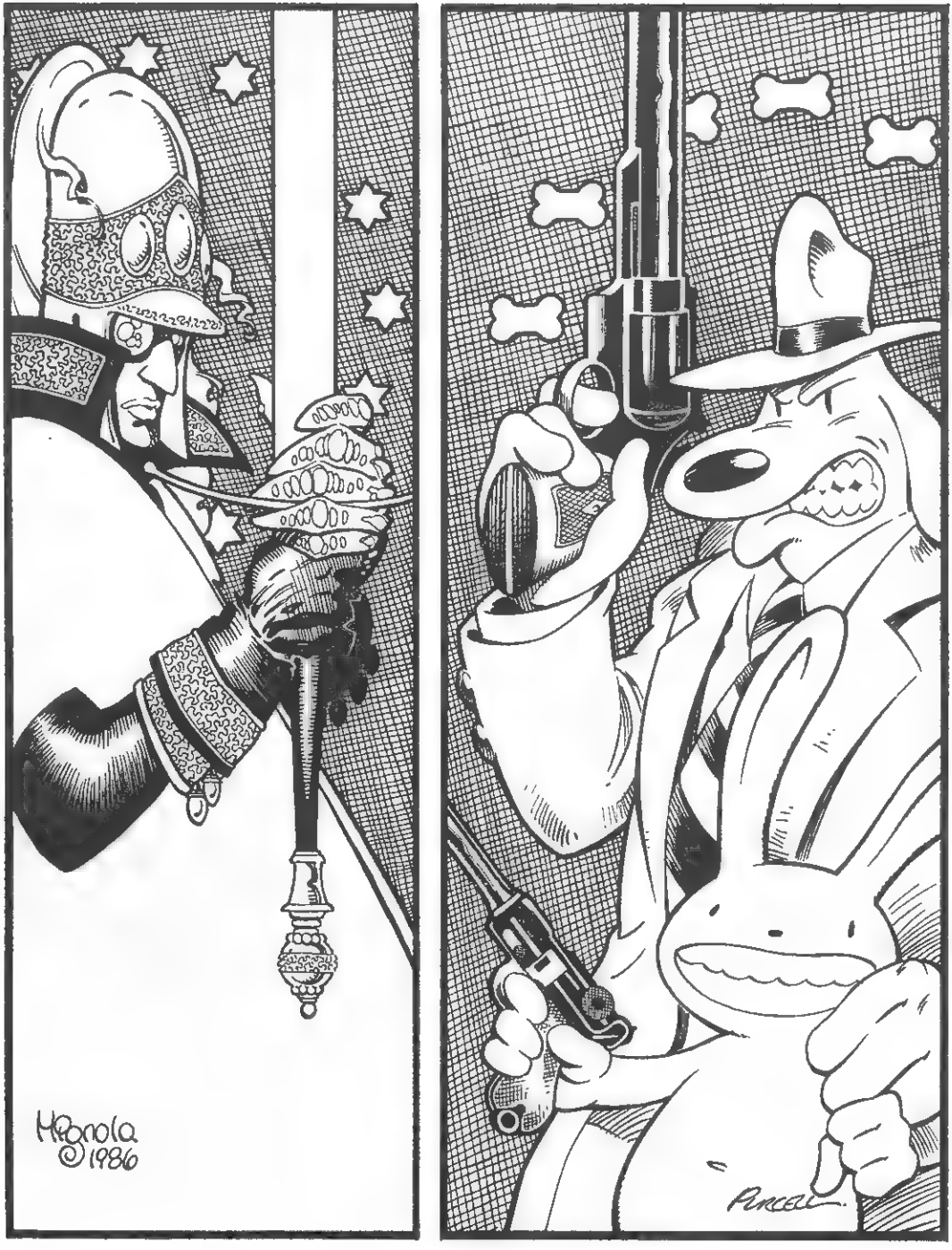
BACKGROUND - DARK BLUE GRAD

RED BORDER/LO

I WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING ← LIKE THIS AND ALSO LOOK INTO A PANTONE 201 C GRADATING TO DARKBLUE




SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE


Magnola
©1986
PURCELL

I FEEL STRANGELY AT PEACE.
the HANGED MAN!
Steve Pincus ©94

OFFICIAL SAM & MAX STATIONAR
LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER USED TO SAY, MAX- "A LETTER IS A GIFT YOU GIVE TO YOUR MAILBOX"
WOW! WHAT A LUNATIC!
AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR Christmas, LITTLE MAN?
WHAT I REALLY WANT IS FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH TO JOIN IN AN EFFORT TO CARRY WITHIN US THE WARMTH OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON EVERY DAY OF OUR LIVES. OH YEAH, AND A BAZOOKA.
have a Merry Christmas, okay?

SAM & MAX'S HOLIDAY NEWSLETTER 1994

Hello Dear Little Friends!

At this sparkling, jelly-filled time of the year I feel strangely compelled to look back over the last twelve months, ponder the events in our lives and then write them out in a cheerfully pretentious style that presumes that someone might actually give a damn.

Me and my itchy little pal Max have had a busy year. We couldn't even begin to count the many lowlife criminal scumbags no longer walking the streets because of our selfless, giving spirit of vengeance. Max started tallying each ex-miscreant with carved little notches on his pistol stock but, he eventually whittled it completely away!

Speaking of that puckish imp, my little buddy is feeling much more chipper since the removal of a suspicious growth behind one of his fluffy ears. Having logged decades of half-assed TV doctor shows, I made a half-assed diagnosis and decided to excise the hateful knob on the grounds that it was making me sick thinking about it. I tied Max to the kitchen table so he couldn't hurt me and I yanked the hideous bulb off with a pair of needlenose pliers. It fell on the floor with a dull squeak before skittering under the refrigerator. Snatching up a handy set of tiki salad tongs I was able to retrieve the shifty little bastard along with an impressive 9 inch queen roach carcass, a mummified chicken frank and an evil-smelling black toupee that looks to have once been on fire. We took a close peek at Max's elusive tuberosity and it shuddered. Damn if the thing didn't have a primitive brain! After we both stopped screaming I stuffed the offending growth in a Bubb'l-rapp® envelope and sent it off to Ringling Brothers. Since that day I've been reminded that besides those large-breasted guys dressed as lion tamers, Ringling Brothers doesn't go in for freaks anymore. We're all busted up and hoping that whoever receives the package will see that Max's growth gets into a proper school appropriately equipped to create a warm, positive environment to stimulate and challenge the little spud. Otherwise, they should just step on it.

Since that little brush with the grim reaper we both have a new lease on life. I've started working out regularly with a personal trainer who's always right there to throw water on me when my blood stops pumping into my head. Max started volunteering at a meal service for the less fortunate and he must be doing a great job because nobody shows up there anymore. That's what I call a hero!

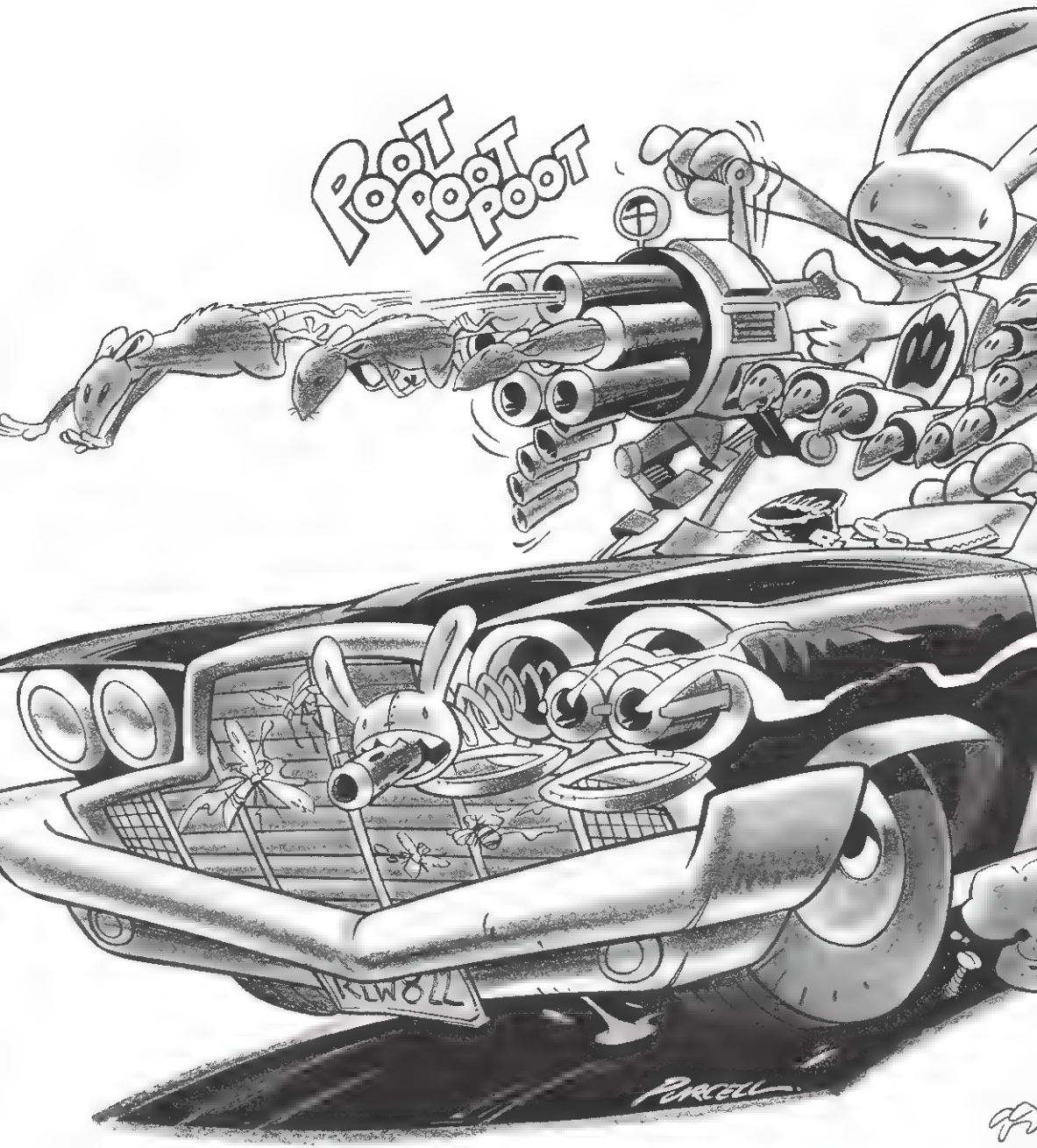
Well, since neither of us have any kids to brag about I'll just cut this whole annoying, self-indulgent yatterfest short. Remember friends, the holidays are a special time of family, food, hideous wrapping paper, electrical accidents, and the blind willingness to ingest something called "nog".

GOOD LUCK, BEST WISHES and HAPPY HOLIDAYS!!!

Your Pals,

Sam & Max

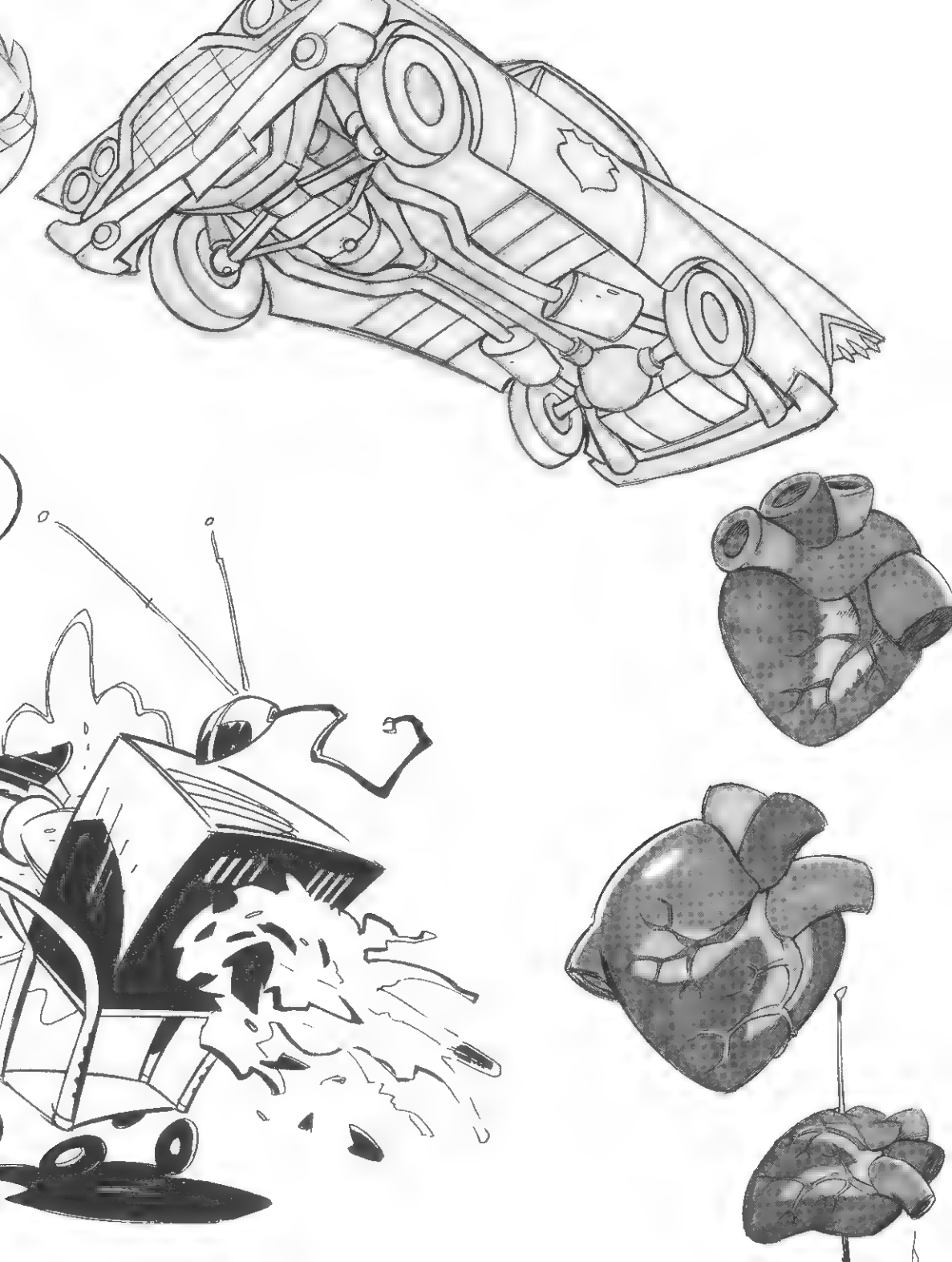
OOOXXOOX


POOT POOT POOT
KLW8LL
PURCELL

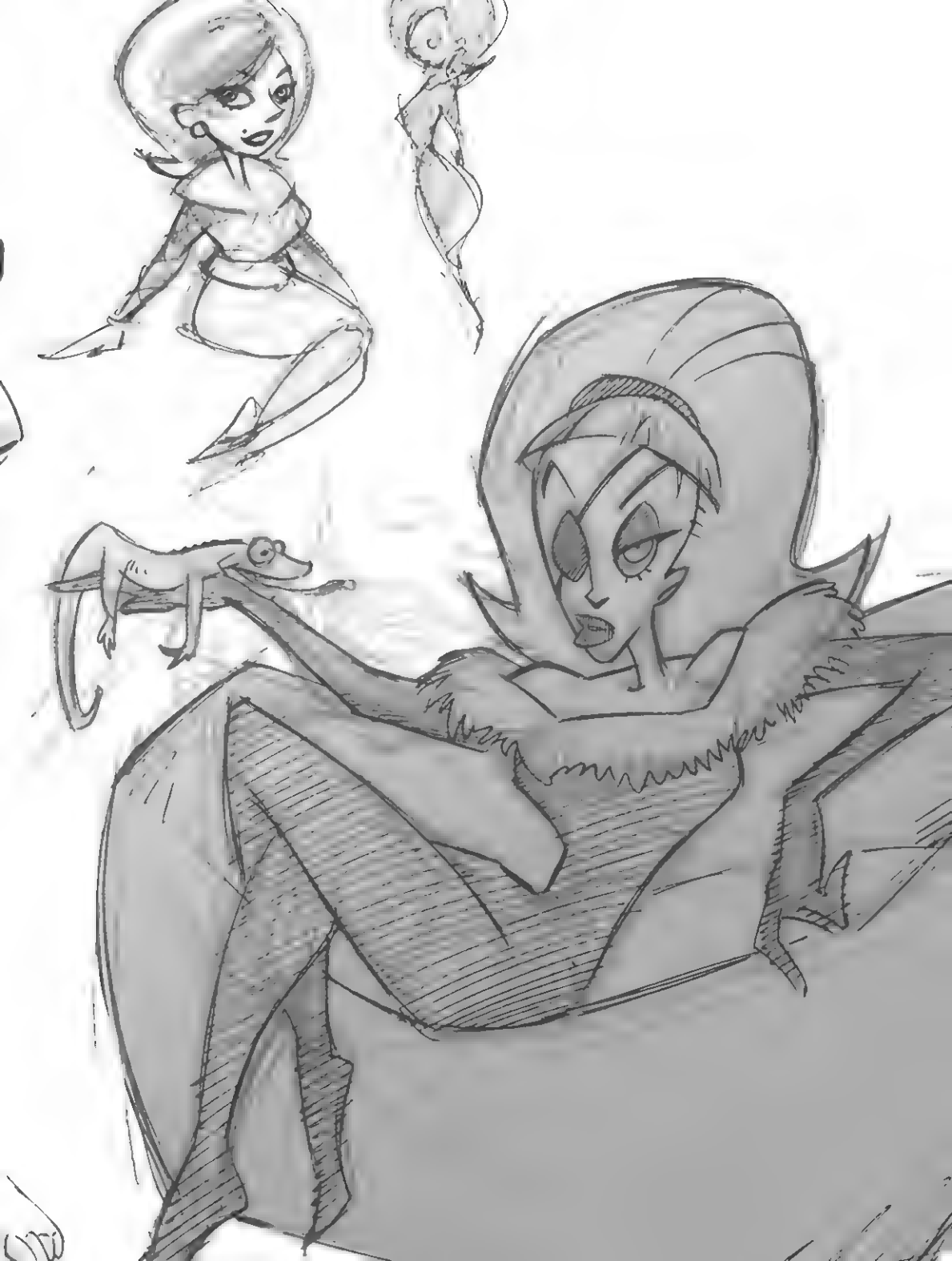
AM&M
FREELANCE POLICE

HARPIE

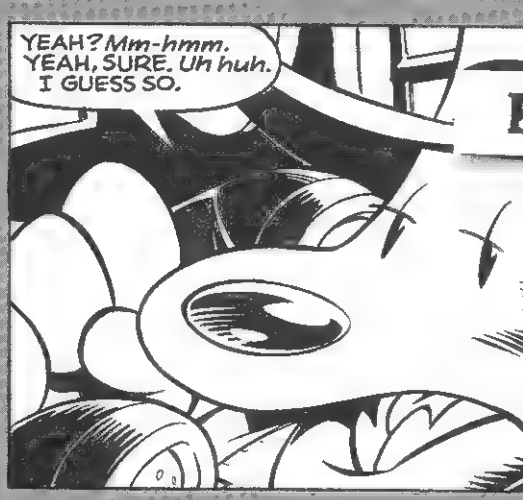
HEY! I WAS WATCHING THAT BILIOUS TRIPE!
SORRY MAX, BUT CARTOONS ARE ONLY FOR BABIES AND THE SIMPLEMINDED.



MEGAN GOQ



DON'T BE SUCH A PUSSY, SAM HE WAS ASKING FOR IT
FREELANCE POLICE



Page 2: Alright up to the honking, but please delete the "SPLAT! Mugger GOD splashes back onto the pantlegs of his intended victim."

Page 16: Please do not have Max say he keeps his tools on him in his "happy spot." His previous evasive answers were good for BS&P.

Pages 47-48: The revision in which Sam rolls Max into a ball and throws him through the door is still unacceptable for BS&P. Perhaps Max could be wearing a crash helmet for this stunt, or some such, but this still looks like something [illegible] could copy at home with a pet rabbit.

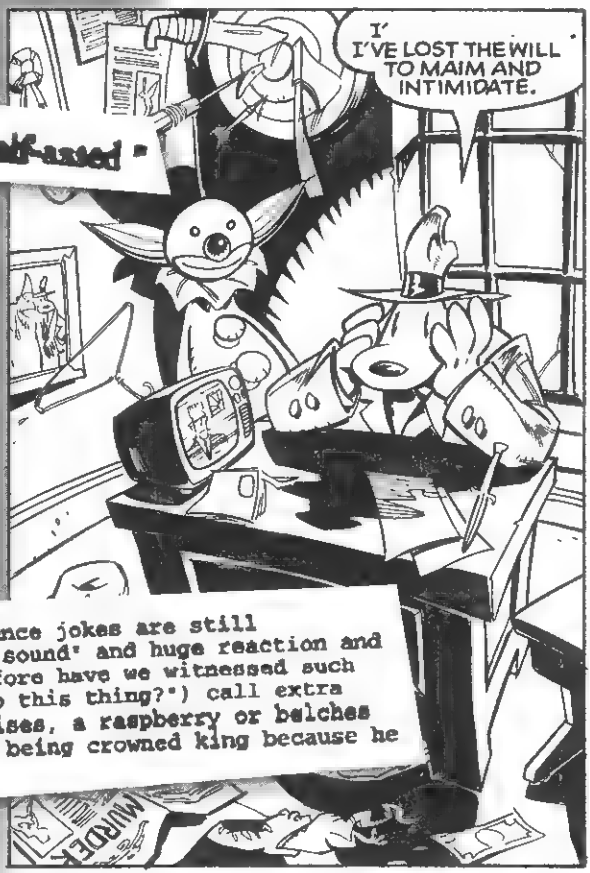
ge 12: Please do not spell out "Bite Me" on the marque.

Storyboard:

Pages 243-244: Please make the liquid coming out when the monster blows its nose a color other than yellow or green.

Page 7: Please delete or substitute for the underlined in Sam's "gotta cool this mothax down."

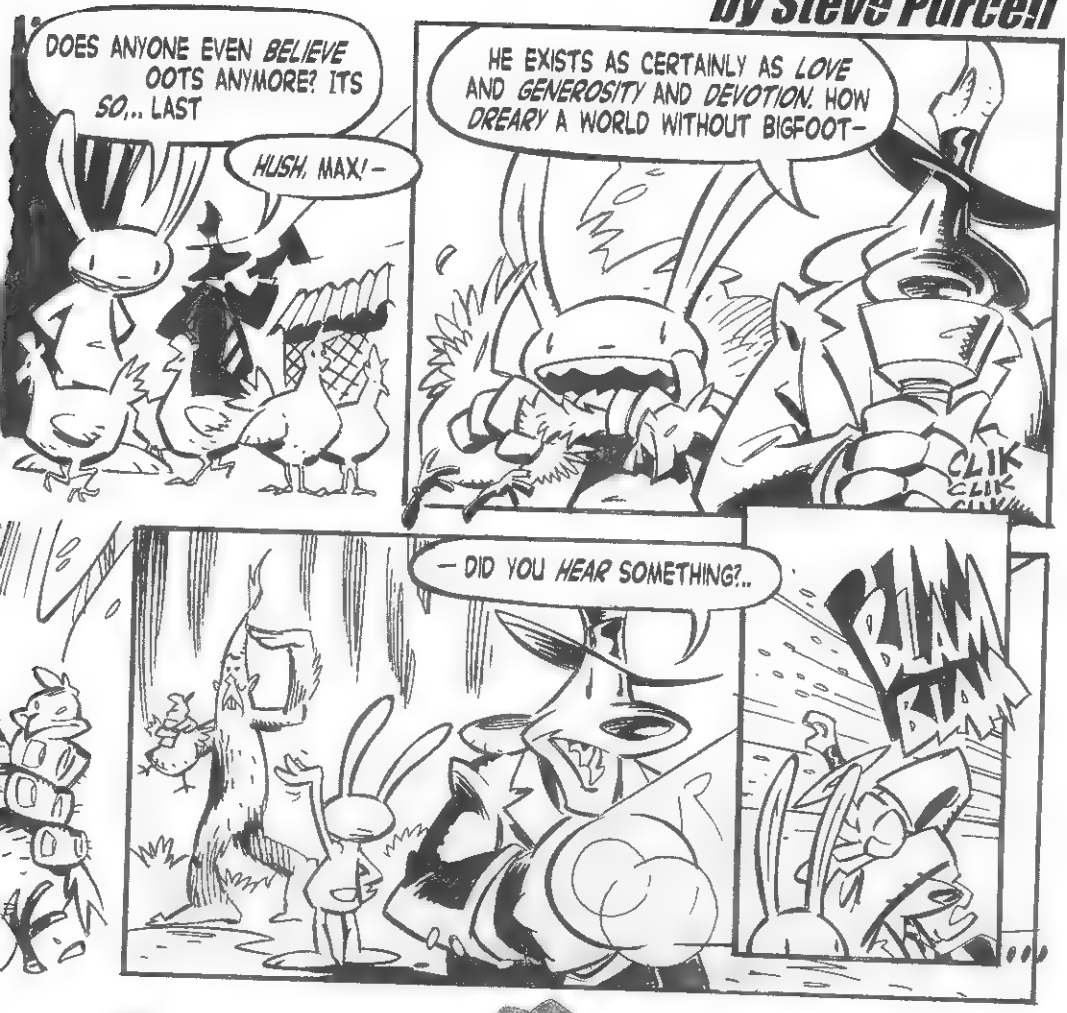
e 17: Please lose Max's use of "half-assed."

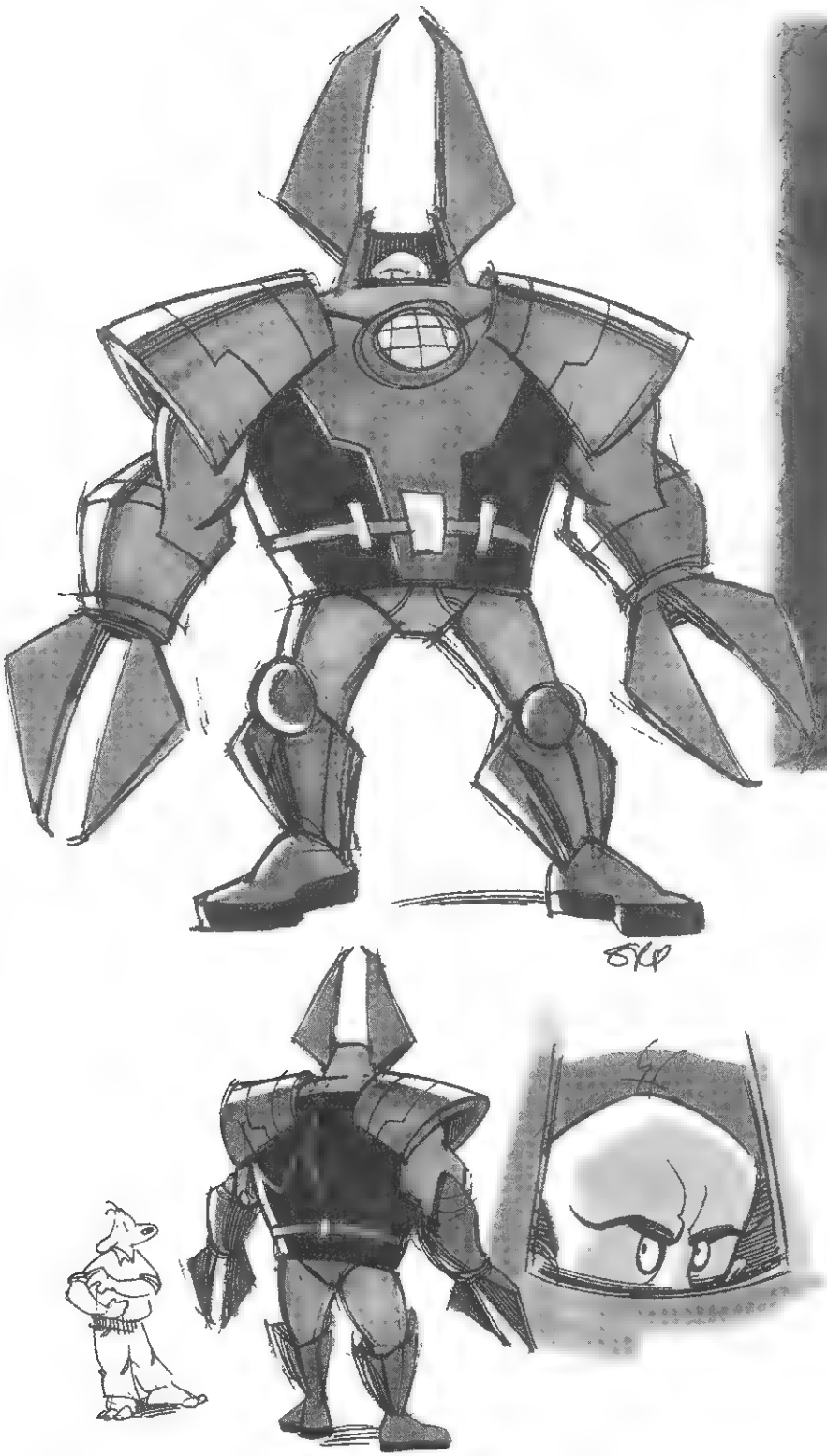


Page 5: Sorry, but the flatulence jokes are still unacceptable. The bubbles, "nifty sound" and huge reaction and comments from the Pigs ("Never before have we witnessed such wonders! How is it that you can do this thing?") call extra attention to Max's act. Armpit noises, a raspberry or belches are okay, but we're not buying Max being crowned king because he farts so well.

BIGFOOTS... IN CONNECTICUT! THERE'S ACTUALLY SOMETHING SORT OF CHARMING ABOUT THAT.
SO- NEW YORKS CRIMINAL MISCREANTS GO SOUTH FOR THE WINTER AND WE'RE REDUCED TO ERADICATING IMPONDERABLES! ITS JUST SAD!
NO CHILDLIKE FAITH, NO POETRY, NO ROMANCE-
YES MAX, THERE REALLY IS A BIGFOOT.
NOW HAND ME THAT HARPOON GUN SO WE CAN BAG THE SUCKER.

by Steve Purcell


DOES ANYONE EVEN *BELIEVE* OOTS ANYMORE? ITS SO,.. LAST
HUSH, MAX! –
HE EXISTS AS CERTAINLY AS *LOVE* AND *GENEROSITY* AND *DEVOTION.* HOW *DREARY* A WORLD WITHOUT BIGFOOT–
CLIK CLIK
– DID YOU *HEAR* SOMETHING?..
BLAM BLAM

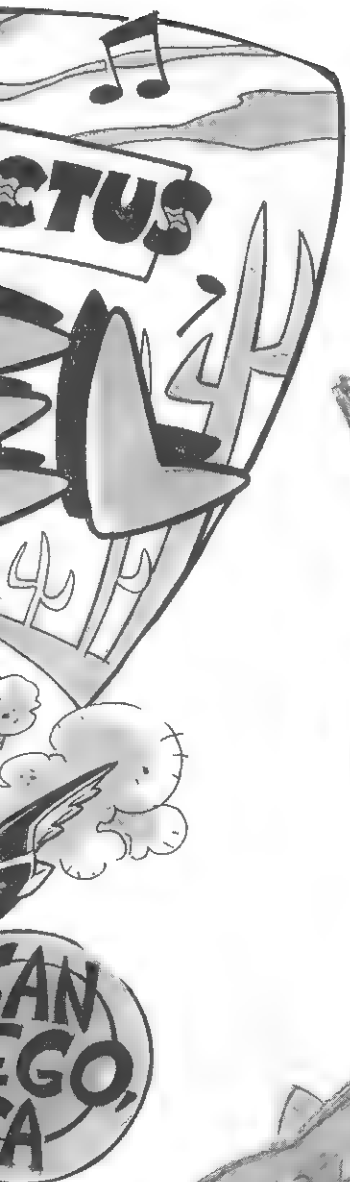

YIKYIK

MUST SERVE YKYK!
A COOL BEVERAGE FOR YKYK!

OH WELL, ANOTHER *ROUTINE* VAMPIRE FUMIGATION GOES SOUTH–
SHALL WE KNOCK A FEW OUT OF THE *PARK* MAX?
HIT 'EM *GOOD*, SAM! THEY'RE *SCRAPPY* LITTLE DEVILS!
I THINK ITS TIME I TAKE A PROACTIVE ROLE ON THIS

OOH, OOH, FLYING HEADS! HOW COULD YOU NOT LOVE THIS?!
NO.. I'M AFRAID NOT.
RUN, MAX!! THEIR HORRIBLE FANG JUICE'LL MAKE YOU ALL UNDEAD AND STUFF!!
WOW! BRILLIANTLY PLAYED, LITTLE BUDDY!
ITS ACTUALLY RAINING VAMPIRE FUNK.
RFFT
PTUU
MORE CASE.

DANCING CA
MOT
COLOR TV
POOL
LIVE REPTILES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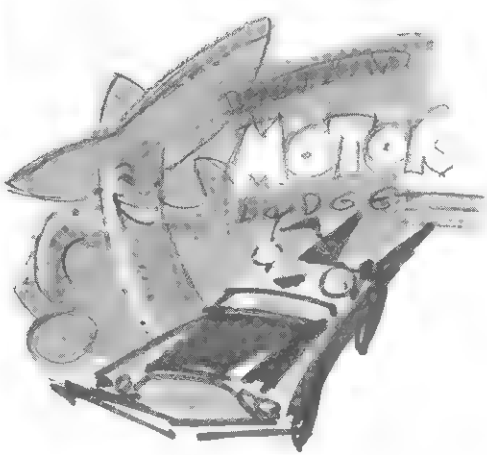
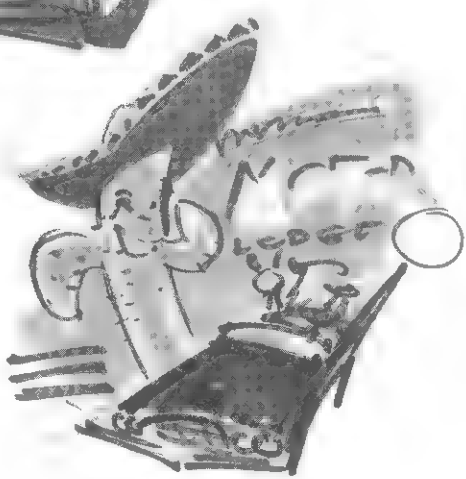
MOTOR
LODGE

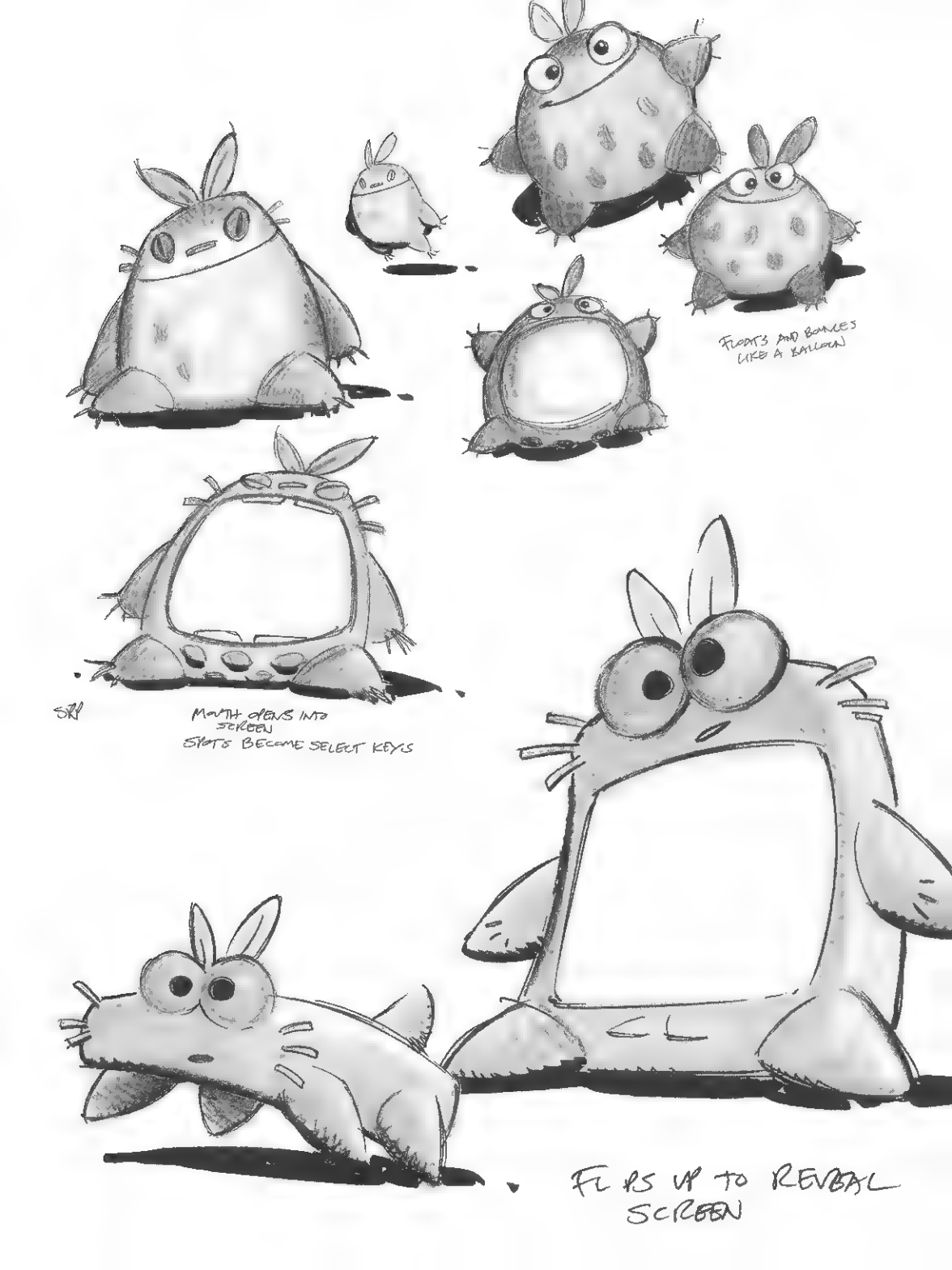
AN
GO,
A


MOTOR
LODGE



INCREDIBLE RIDE EH MAX?!!.....MAX?

MAX, I THINK WE'RE GOING TO LIKE IT HERE.
WHERE SHOULD WE PUT THE POOL TABLE?
TIME


FLOATS AND BOUNCES LIKE A BALLOON
MOUTH OPENS INTO SCREEN
SHOTS BECOME SELECT KEYS
FLIPS UP TO REVEAL SCREEN

STIFF FEATHER HEADDRESS
MOHAWK
CHEST PLATE
MAYBE
TWO
SUBARCTICAN
ROUGH #1
SK 0 02
MAYAN GLYPH HELMET
(SHOULD BE DRAWN MUCH BETTER)
GHENGIS KHAN HELMET

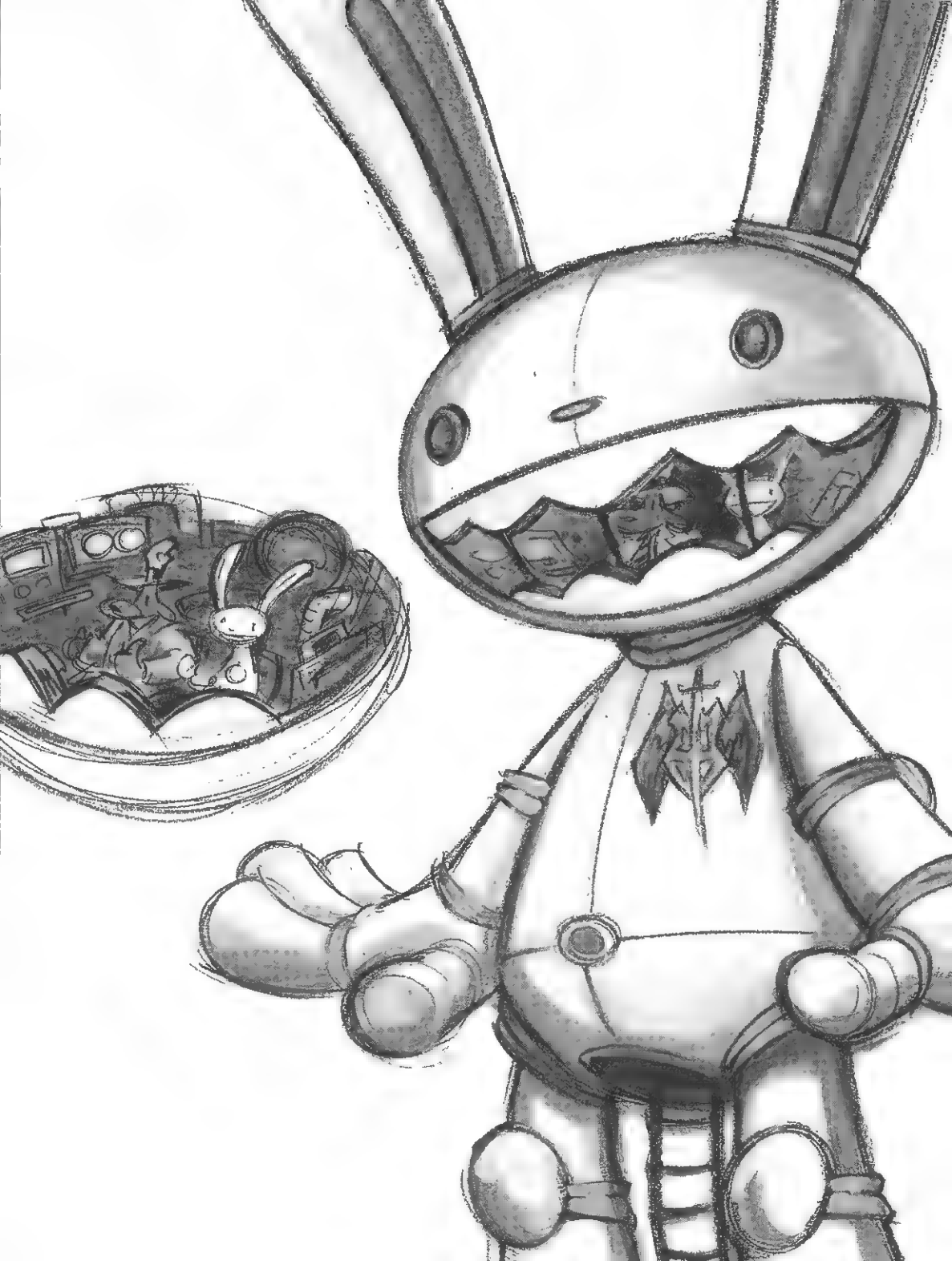
SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE
SAM & MAX

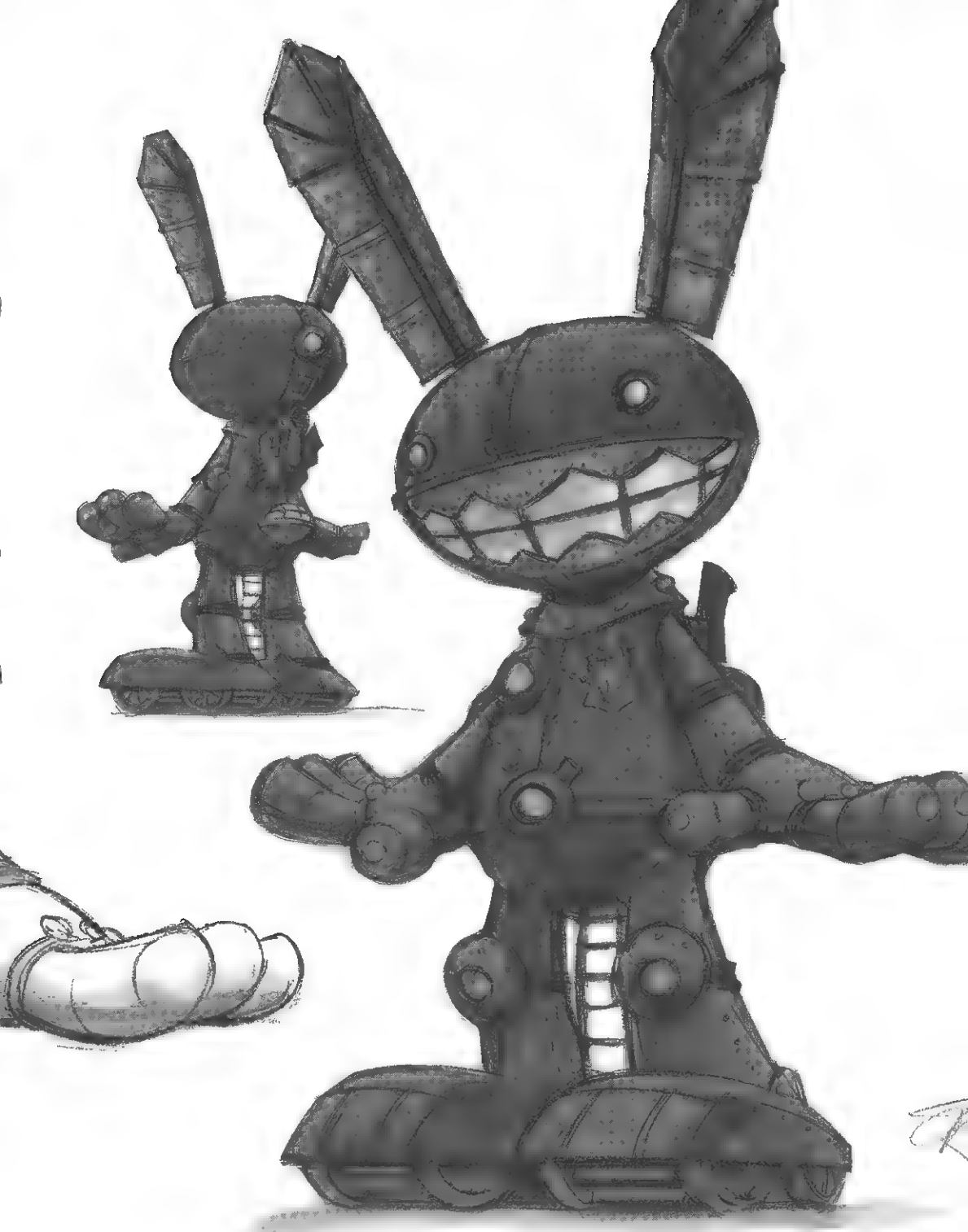
-LUNA-

DAMN! I THINK I MISSED A TURN BACK THERE.
YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?
I DON'T LIKE THIS
IT'S A GOOD WAY TO DIE.
IF YOU SAY SO.
BANG
AHHH
BANGERS
WISHIN
READ

SAM&MAX

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SMELL MY
WHY ARE YOU OOKING AT ME THAT WAY?
I'M STRANGELY ENGORGED BY YOUR OTHERWORLDLY BEAUTY.
UH, THANKS, I GUESS.
HMM, MUST HAVE BLINKED OUT AT THE WHEEL. YOU OKAY LITTLE BUDDY?
YEAH, SAM. FORTUNATELY MY SKULL TOOK MOST OF THE IMPACT.
THEY REALLY NEED TO EVEN UP THE COUNTRYSIDE. A FEW WELL-PLACED CHIMPS CAPERING MERRILY ALONGSIDE THESE UNEVENTFUL HIGHWAYS WOULD REALLY BE A GODSEND TO ALL THE NARCOLEPTIC DRIVERS.





WE'VE BEEN DRIVING AWHILE QUITE

11

12-13

IF THERE ANY PIRATES TO BE FOUND I THINK THEY'D BE IN NEW ORLEANS, MAX!

WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK. THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE!

LOOK AT THE CHEERFUL HYDROCEPHALIC CITIZENS

THERE'S THERE'S LEATHING MARDI GRAS MASKS BONEHEAD. & SAM AS ALL NEW ORLEANS CITIZENS DO YEAR 'ROUND.

AQUARIUM

BUCK & MISSY!

SAILA

FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS STORY, UH.. YEAH.

~~THERE IS NONE.~~

WE'D BETTER PICK UP GIANT HEADS ~~TO~~ ON THE WAY SO THE PIRATES WON'T KNOW WE'RE FROM THE POLICE.

WE'LL DE INCO

GOOD THINK BUDD

14

WE'LL GO DOWN TO THE HARBOR AND LOOK FOR SUSPICIOUS LOOKING SPANISH GALLEONS. THERE IS A BODY OF WATER NEAR A NEW ORLEANS ISN'T THERE?

~~WHERE PICK UP DISGUISES~~

EMED?

THEY SANG RUDE SEA SHANTEYS!

YOU FROM OUT OF TOWN?

~~WHAT'S~~ THAT HEAR THAT?! IT SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER AND BAD SINGING.

CAN'T SEE ANYTHING

HOIST H

~~THE JOLLY~~ THE JOLLY

HYAAAAA AAAA

PUDUMPDUMPUDUMP

WIN!

A SPANI GALLEON PULLED A LEGION OF RATS AND THE WORLD'S LA PRAIRIE D

I'M SMOOR

20 YEARS

1987 • 2007